

There must be some kind of way out of here
Said the joker to the thief
There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief
Business men - they drink my wine
Plowmen dig my earth
None of them along the line
Know what any of it is worth

No reason to get excited
The thief, he kindly spoke
There are many here among us
Who feel that life is but a joke
But you and I we've been through that
And this is not our fate
So let us not talk falsely now
The hour's getting late

All along the watchtower
Princess kept their view
While all the women came and went
Bare-foot servants too
Outside in the cold distance
A wild cat did growl
Two riders were approaching
And the wind began to howl, hey